Volume 6 Number 1 January/February 1981

MARQUEE

JACK LEMMON
ROBBY BENSON
TRIBUTE

PAUL NEWMAN
ED ASNER
FORT APACHE, THE BRONX

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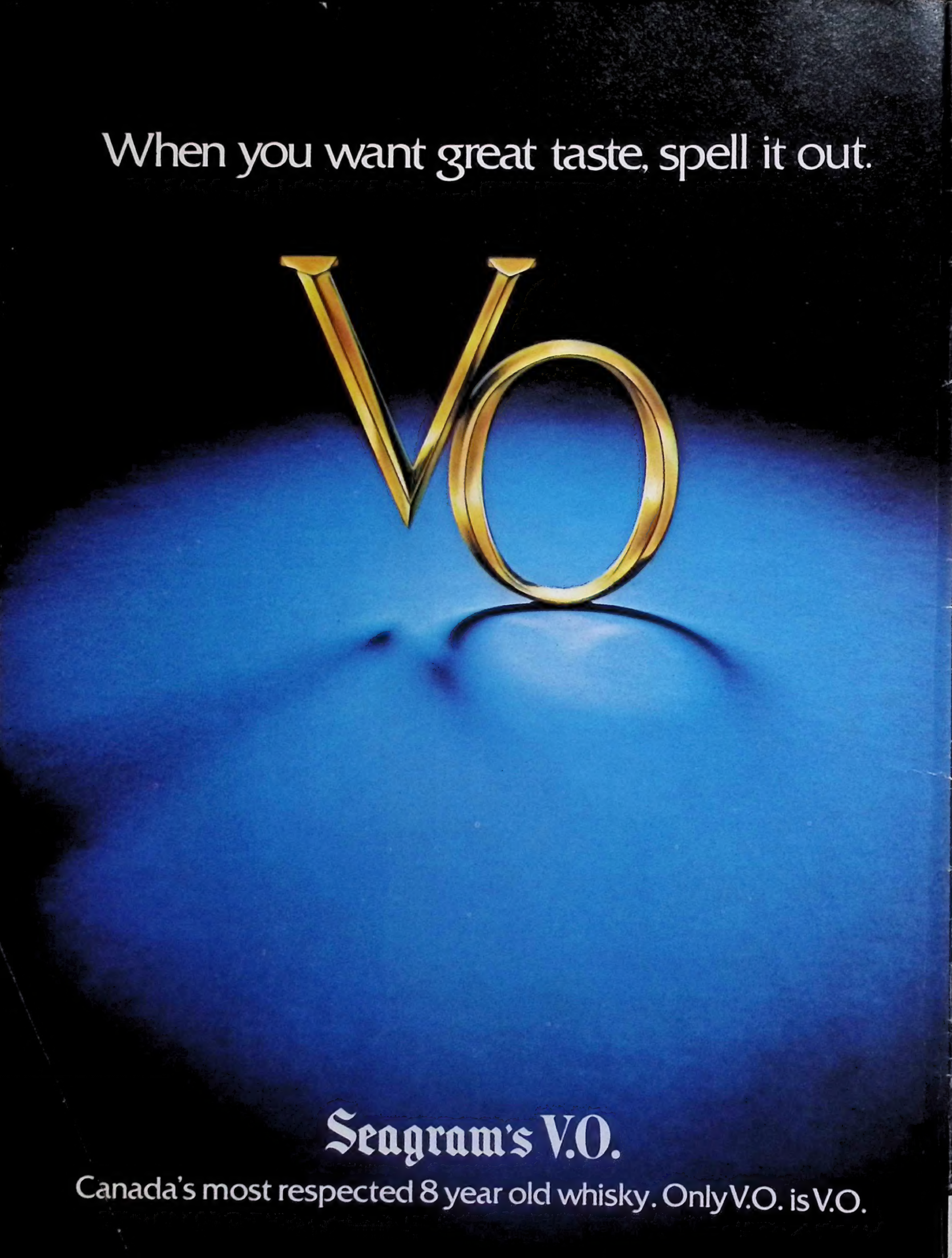

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MARQUEE

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FITNESS NOW • AND HOW

How not to get fit

Once and for all we'd like to clear up a few misconceptions about fitness. None of the following approaches represents a sensible way to get fit:

1. The "drive yourself til you drop" approach.
2. The "more it hurts the more it works" approach.
3. The "make up in an hour for what it took you ten years to lose" approach.

The plain fact is that exercise does not have to hurt before it is doing you some good. Real gains start long before you reach the pain barrier.

If you want to get fit, you have to get active. Do it...but don't overdo it. This is the sensible approach to fitness. And it works.

Can you get fit without struggle, without strain, without pain? AND HOW!

PARTICIPACTION

Doing Battle in the BRONX

by Susan Wolfe

HOLLYWOOD — "The reports of our difficulties while making **Fort Apache, The Bronx** were somewhat exaggerated by the press," director Daniel Petrie summed up wryly. Petrie, a native of Nova Scotia, plainly was still smarting from some of the so-called "news" coverage received by his stars, Paul Newman and Ed Asner, the activities of the company and everyone connected with the movie while it was on location in New York.

Petrie never was under the illusion that **Fort Apache** was going to be a picnic. The setting is, after all, the South Bronx, a devastated high-crime area. The story, moreover, is of a veteran policeman, Murphy (Newman), who sees a fellow officer deliberately commit murder and who then must choose between morality and expediency. Reporting his colleague will endanger Murphy's career; not reporting will endanger his character. As if that were not conflict enough, Murphy must also try to deal with his new commander, Captain Connolly (played by Asner). Connolly is a rigid, "by-the-book" supervisor whose attitude frequently contributes more to the chaos than to any solution. And chaos is the milieu of **Fort Apache, The Bronx.**

The South Bronx was nicknamed "Fort Apache" because it is seen by men assigned there to be a siege area where the minority residents view policemen as the enemy. The situation is explosive and does not lend itself to solution by rulebook.

"It's like a moonscape," Petrie said succinctly, "the ultimate in urban blight. Somebody could corner the brick market of the world if he could start with the falling-down buildings in the South Bronx. Sadly, it once was a lovely place to live, back in the twenties and the thirties. There is a book called *The Beautiful Bronx*, with photos of that period — and it is beautiful.

"The disintegration happened over the years, but I think the major onslaught occurred in the sixties and early seventies — and continues today. But it is not fair to say nothing is being done to try and turn the area around. There are interested groups who are working hard — composed of local residents — and they feel they are advancing. There is a new proliferation of pocket parks, housing development. There is also an attempt to get — with some success — outside investment into the area."

Thus far, however, the apparent effect is small to the eyes of outsiders. And insiders — those who live there — sometimes consider that any "cop story" set in the South Bronx is joining the war against the populace. That, in a certain measure, was Petrie's prime problem.

He got a lot of "help" he didn't need, he said with some asperity, from quotes that were printed out of context, plain misquotes and an attitude of sheer exploitation from a certain New York TV personality who once served in the U.S. Congress.

"Our script even got quoted out of context," Petrie said. "In one spot, Murphy (Newman), determined to report the murder, is being advised not to do it by a buddy. And Murphy rails out, 'Oh; so that's your attitude, is it? Another Puerto Rican is dead, so what? Well, I don't believe that way. I'm gonna get those guys.'

"So what gets quoted in a major paper? That's right . . . only the part, 'Another Puerto Rican is dead, so what?'

"Again," continued Petrie, "Paul in a press conference pointed out that, 'After all, the villains of this piece are two lousy white cops.'

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In the report, it came out, 'lousy white cops,' not TWO, etc. Well, that elicited a public uproar from the head of the Police Benevolent Association, who just happened to be up for re-election at the time. Ironically, our security forces — which admittedly were larger than one would usually expect to find for a movie production company — were mostly off-duty policemen moonlighting.

"And the third time," Petrie grated, "we were shooting at a hospital, not in the South Bronx but in Harlem, when this former Congressman orchestrated his own scenario for TV tape and airing. He had wanted to have an on-the-air confrontation between either Newman or Asner and one of the small splinter group calling itself the Coalition Against Fort Apache. We saw no help to anybody in such; so we turned him down. But when he found where we were at the hospital, the Congressman-turned-telecaster called the leader of the antagonistic small group to show up, had his own TV crew on hand, and got film of yelling and placards being waved. And, of course, on his show he aired that film, plus an interview with the leader of that group, and told only one side of the story.

"Amazingly," Petrie marvelled, "we actually had only three confrontations. Because we took care to try and work with the positive-minded community leaders, the real unsung heroes of the South Bronx. They embrace all racial and religious lines in the area, and we did work with them to try and see if, through the film, we could indicate that the situation is not totally hopeless. That, through their work, there is a chink in that wall which, hopefully, can open up and turn around the area.

"The first incident happened at a traffic light at night. Paul Newman was in a police car at a busy intersection. I got the shot on the first take, then, on my walkie-talkie told the squad car accompanying us to move on. But I'd turned the box off so no unwanted sound came through; therefore, they didn't hear me and didn't move. About five or six fellows with placards came off the curb and started banging on the car with Paul in it, yelling obscenities at him, but the traffic light changed, and we got out of there. It didn't last over ten seconds.

"The second incident was, ultimately, touching and funny. One kid showed up, saying a busload of 40 more was coming behind him. He was really yelling, but, about that time, Newman stepped out to do a scene and asked, 'Do you want to yell, or talk?' 'Both!' the kid retorted. So Paul said, 'Let us get this shot, and then I'll talk to you.'

"Amazingly, the kid quietened down. We got the shot, and Paul took the young man in and talked to him — showed him the script, etc. And, in 20 minutes, the fellow had done a complete turnaround.

"Actually, as the kid was leaving, he saw the phone in Newman's trailer and said, 'Mr. Newman, will you do me a big favor? My mother and sister are home, and they're never gonna believe I sat in a trailer talking with Paul Newman. Will you call them and tell them I did?'

"So," Petrie chuckled, "Paul did exactly that, while the kid was still there. Then sent him off with the obligatory autographed picture.

"And the threatened busload of 40? Well, a short time later, about four or five fellows got off a city bus and started yelling. But they spotted Pam Grier, another of our leads, and began calling and waving to her as fans. In a few minutes, another bus came by; they got on it and went away. The busload never appeared."

But there was one time Petrie confessed to a great tendency toward a sudden ulcer. It was the third — and final — incident. "I foolishly, but certainly innocently, scheduled filming right on the street of the leader of that splinter group," the director recalled, wincing. "We went to lunch with those community leaders, but when we returned there were about half a dozen placard-wavers distributing handbills. They'd convinced the owners of the house we were using not to let us do so anymore. Okay; I moved and changed the angle. But the crowd eventually grew to about 20 or 30, and they were yelling so loud we could not continue.

"I've often had to deal with crowds," Petrie said, "but not hostile ones. We had to call our extra security and throw up barricades. And I knew that if they came back every day, we'd just have to shut down production. That lasted all afternoon — the only incident of any length which happened. But it was worrisome, because we still had another full month to our shooting schedule.

"But," he grinned, "they never came back again. We had no more trouble." Why? Nobody knows.

"So, you see," Petrie said again, "like Mark Twain's death, the whole thing was exaggerated."

Even so, it was, Petrie conceded, certainly a new experience for a man accustomed to such movies as **Raisin in the Sun** and **The Betsy**. Not to mention such distinguished, Emmy-winning TV motion pictures as both *Eleanor and Franklin* productions and *Sybil*. And it most assuredly was vastly different from the community of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, where Petrie grew up and became a movie fan via "the two theatres we had there, the Savoy and the Russell."

Audiences everywhere, Petrie insists, can identify with **Fort Apache, The Bronx**, despite its setting. "Men everywhere have to make moral decisions," he points out. "And Newman's character sticks with his principles. Moreover, the film has a lot of humor in it. And there is a romance between Newman and a Puerto Rican nurse, played by Rachel Ticotin. It ends tragically, but the movie ends on an upbeat note. You know justice will be done.

"And while the South Bronx may be the ultimate in urban blight, every city in every country has areas in trouble. People can see here what can happen if circumstances are allowed to remain unchecked. Then, maybe they'll make a greater effort to stop it in their own cities."★

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A Famil

by Clyde Gilmour

Teacup readers, crystal-ball fortune tellers, poll-takers and other forecasters are often notoriously wrong in their predictions that this movie or that movie will be a big success. In the case of **Tribute**, however, the risk of serious miscalculation seems smaller than usual. All the indications are that this Canadian-made comedy-drama, starring Jack Lemmon in the greatest role of his career, stands a good chance of becoming a critically acclaimed box-office smasheroo on a global scale.

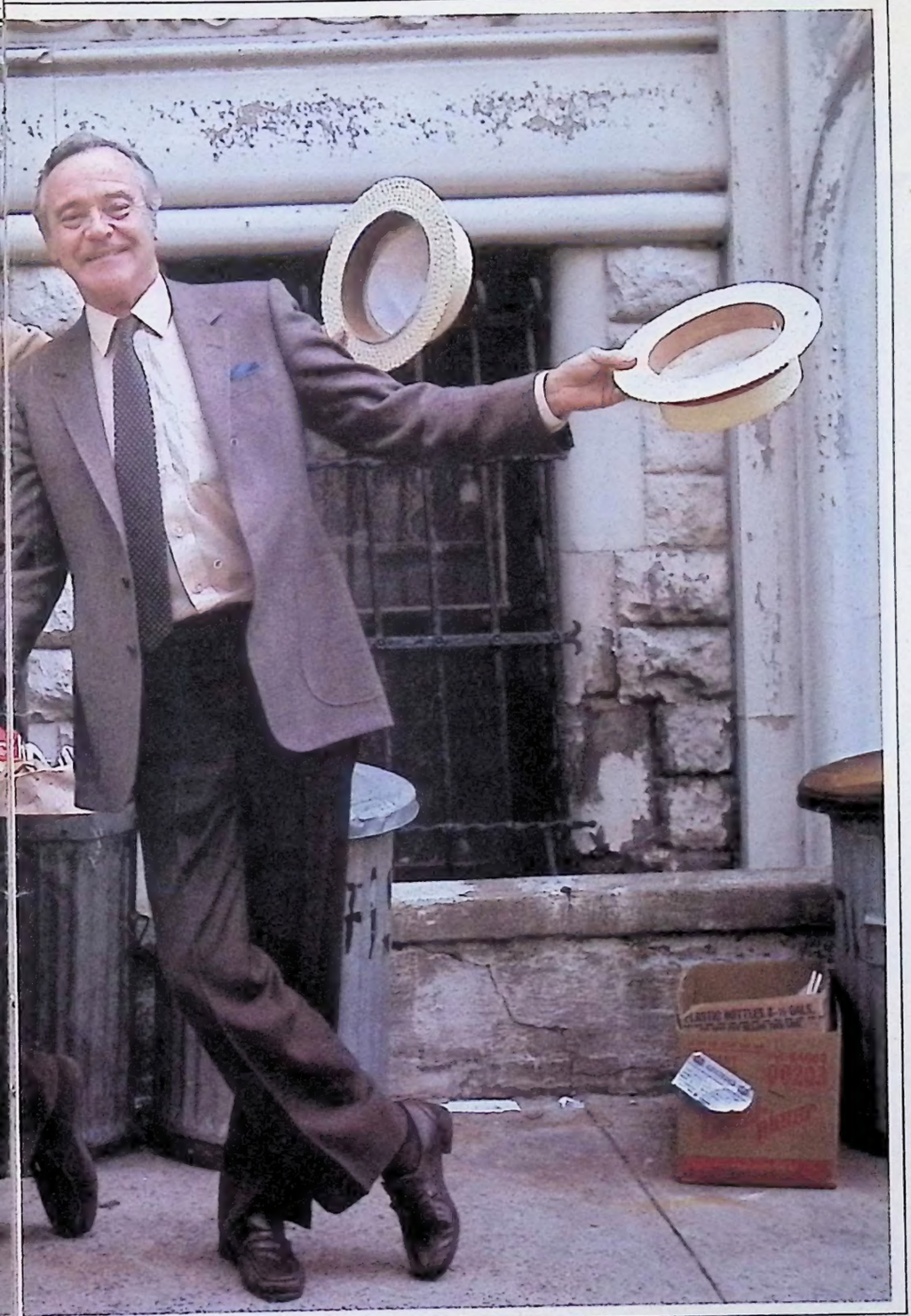
Co-produced by Joel B. Michaels and Garth H. Drabinsky and directed by Bob Clark, this is the $8.4 million screen edition of Bernard Slade's Broadway and road-show hit. The Canadian-born Slade, of **Same Time, Next Year** fame, wrote his own film script. The shooting was divided between Toronto and New York.

The superb international cast includes Robby Benson, Lee Remick, Colleen Dewhurst, John Marley, Gale Garnett, and Kim Cattrall.

Lemmon, now in his prime at 55, re-creates the stage role he perfected during nine months in New York and five months in other cities. His work earned him a Tony Award nomination. The assignment marked Lemmon's first return to Broadway in 18 years. Already there's talk of another Lemmon Oscar. It would be a mantel-mate for the trophies he won for **Mr. Roberts** (1955) and **Save the Tiger** (1973).

The immensely popular American actor appears in **Tribute** as Scottie Templeton, a clowning,

y Affair



wisecracking showbiz press-agent who gets tragic news three months before his fifty-third birthday. He has blood cancer, a terminal case of leukemia.

But fatal illness is not what Bernard Slade's story is all about. As the writer himself once pointed out, "It's about commitment and responsibility, and about the child versus the adult in us all."

More specifically, it's about Scottie Templeton's sudden realization that in his remaining time on earth there is nothing so important to him as healing the breach that has long separated him from his son, Jud. Now 21 and a moody loner, Jud recoils from Scottie's pagan lifestyle and is not interested in showbiz. He wants to teach social history at Berkeley. The son despises his father as "a court jester and a glorified pimp." Jud is played in the film by teen-idol Robby Benson, 25.

Lee Remick, gorgeous at 46, appears as Maggie Stratton, Jud's remarried mother and Scottie's favorite ex-wife. She is still fond of her former spouse despite the fact that he avoids every crisis by spouting another one-liner gag.

This is Remick's first reunion with Lemmon since both were Oscar nominees for their work as an alcoholic couple in **Days of Wine and Roses**. That was in 1962. In **Tribute** it is Maggie who discovers Scottie's bleak medical secret and tells Jud about it in an effort to bring father and son together. But the prospects for a real reconciliation seem as remote as ever.

Montreal-born Colleen Dewhurst, 54, has a strong role as Scottie's abrasive but compassion-

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The Power Behind The Throne

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CHECK NEWSPAPERS FOR A THEATRE NEAR YOU

Continued from page 9

A Family Affair

ate doctor, Gladys Petrelli. Some of the key moments in the story are seen through her eyes.

John Marley, 64, has the role of Scottie's affectionate press-agency partner, Lou Daniels. Born in New York but now living in Toronto, Marley is the highly accomplished craggy-faced actor who was Ali MacGraw's father in **Love Story** and Jane Fonda's father in **Cat Ballou**. He is best-known, of course, as the Mafia-plagued Hollywood producer in **The Godfather** who wakes up to find his horse's bloody head in his bed.

Two young actresses, both Canadians, play important parts in **Tribute** and won warm praise from preview audiences.

Gale Garnett, 32, portrays a reformed call-girl named Hilary who has numbered the fast-moving Scottie among her clients. He helps her on the rocky road to respectability.

The alto-voiced and buxom Garnett staged her own one-woman show last year. At one time she was a columnist for the *Toronto Star*. Her slow she-panther saunters through the big newsroom made it impossible for male colleagues to concentrate on their work until she had vanished on her way to the cafeteria. Garnett now has dwellings in Toronto and New York.

Kim Cattrall, 24, appears in **Tribute** as a fun-loving charmer named Sally Haines. Scottie Templeton, old enough to be her father, captivates her with his pranks while both are hospital patients. Later Scottie tries to set her up as a romantic date for the shy Jud, who sees through the ruse and bitterly resents it.

Tribute, like its predecessors **Kramer vs. Kramer** and **Ordinary People**, takes a close and honest look at family relationships in today's urban society. People weep while seeing it, but they do a lot of laughing too.

Audience reactions at sneak previews astounded Hollywood professionals. The insiders — especially Fox's studio chief, Sherry Lansing — were already rosily optimistic, but the public verdicts exceeded their wildest expectations.

Typical was a Saturday preview in October in Phoenix, Arizona. Almost half the audience, 47 per cent, rated the picture "excellent." Another 44 per cent voted for "very good." Only 7 per cent said "average," and only 2 per cent went as low as "fair." Not one card-signer called the film "poor", although almost invariably that label is chosen by some viewers, even at the most rapturous screenings.

Co-producer Garth Drabinsky, 32, discussed this phenomenon in an interview in his large and lavish office on the sixty-ninth floor of Toronto's First Canadian Place. A protean figure in business and the arts, he is a lawyer, lecturer, entrepreneur, author and publisher as well as a producer of screen, stage and television entertainments.

"That Phoenix preview," said Drabinsky, "was not an isolated case. The results were similar wherever we showed **Tribute**. Nobody had seen such preview cards since **Kramer vs. Kramer**.

"On the Fox lot in Los Angeles, we held a screening that was demographically controlled to cover as wide a range of viewers as possible. The results were almost identical with the cards in Phoenix. Once again, nobody voted 'poor.'"

Director Bob Clark, 39, is a stocky American jock from Louisiana and Florida who now makes his home in Toronto. He has a five-acre farm in northern Ontario.

Clark's early films included **Dead of Night, Black Christmas,** and **Breaking Point**. In 1978 he made **Murder by Decree**, a classy Sherlock Holmes mystery with Christopher Plummer and James Mason. It won a Canadian Genie award and admiring reviews, and the box office was lively.

The director feels strongly that Jack Lemmon's work in the filmed **Tribute** is even finer than his original portrayal of Scottie Templeton on the stage. Part of this is due to the screen's intimacy and to Lemmon's skill in toning down his footlights characterization.

"In film," says Clark, "the camera looks into the actor's eyes and tells whether or not he is lying."

Says Lemmon himself, an enthusiast who tempers his native ebullience with old-pro shrewdness: "It's the best part I've ever had. It's one of the great experiences of my life. Not since **The Apartment** has there been anything where drama and comedy worked together so well."

Garth Drabinsky was bowled over by Lemmon's "consummate professionalism" during the filming, which the producer attended every day.

"Jack had many off-camera talks with Robby Benson to deepen their rapport and to explore the characters of Scottie and Jud," Drabinsky said. "We think their scenes together are wonderful. Robby is a much more sympathetic actor anyway than the one who played Jud on Broadway. There is a quality of sweetness about him that warmed and humanized even the angry scenes when father and son are quarrelling. Lemmon may not be the only member of this cast to get an Oscar nomination."

Next on Lemmon's movie timetable is a comedy, tentatively titled **Buddy Buddy**. It will reunite him in Hollywood with two old friends, writer-director Billy Wilder and actor Walter Matthau. Presumably, however, it will not repeat a dandy little fringe benefit that gladdened Lemmon's heart during the filming of **Tribute**.

Cuban cigars are ordinarily out-of-bounds to smokers in the United States. But Lemmon argued that his character, Scottie Templeton, would insist on having them. The U.S. customs authorities grudgingly agreed that the expensive stogies were admissible as theatrical props.

"Every once in a while," the actor confided with a wink, "I'd steal a handful for personal use. Just to keep in practice for the role, of course."★

DOGS OF WAR

by Paul King

Norman Jewison sits behind his desk fielding a barrage of phone calls in an admitted "state of shock."

It's the morning after Ronald Reagan's presidential victory, and Jewison tells friends he is "heartbroken . . . all the fears I had are now coming true. I fled California in 1970 because Nixon was president and Reagan was governor. I'm only glad I'm a resident in my own country once again. After 20 years of living like a gypsy, I decided it was time to come home."

And indeed he has. With a permanent passion. After eight years in London he returned to Toronto in 1978, and besides buying a 200-acre farm in Caledon (an hour north) to raise horses, sheep, pigs, ducks and 18 polled Hereford breeding cattle, he also bought the five-storey building facing a lane behind Yonge Street in which his Knightsbridge Films Ltd. is now headquartered.

At 53, his face still boyish behind gray beard and Dickensian half-moon glasses, Jewison peers across his vast expanse of broadloomed office on the top floor (with hideaway bedroom on the roof). A converted furniture factory, it now holds marble busts, antique mahogany tables, candelabra, soft leather sofas, green trees in Chinese pots, a six-seat dining table, wooden ceiling beams and costly stereo sets stretched out between desk and fireplace. It looks like the opulent office of a tasteful film magnate. Which it is.

The Oscar-winning Canadian director-producer, 14 films behind him, stares out his windows and answers his phones. The calls from his Los Angeles office are mainly about the election. Those from his London office are mostly about his next movie, an original musical called **Tell Me On A Sunday**, written by Andrew Lloyd Webber of **Jesus Christ, Superstar** fame (which Norman directed).

But those from New York chiefly concern his latest feature, **The Dogs Of War**, based on Frederick Forsyth's superseller about mercenaries in Africa. Publicists are calling about the European openings, and Jewison tells them: "Forsyth has seen the film, and he thinks it's the best adaptation of any of his books so far. In fact, he's promoting the picture himself in London."

Although Jewison himself now calls it "a powerful film", it took him four years, five writers, and innumerable migraines to get it made. "When United Artists first bought the rights," he says, "Sir John Wolf was the original executive producer, and he wanted me to produce and direct. So I did a pile of research, then visited eight African countries to scout locations. But none of them would give us permission to shoot. The subject was too controversial."

Meanwhile, there were serious troubles with the script. The first writer, Abby Mann, worked on a treatment for a year. But Jewison wasn't satisfied. Another writer was hired, but his version was also rejected. Then Michael Cimino, the Oscar-winning wunderkind of **The Deerhunter**, said he wanted to both write and direct the picture.

"But after he wrote his version," says Jewison, "he immediately started work on another old script of his called **Heaven's Gate** — so he pulled out of the project." Jewison; meantime, had been working on the fourth screenplay of **Dogs** with present writers Gary DeVore and George Malko.

"The biggest problem," he says, "was to make it a personal story of real men, rather than just another action film. Unless the audience identifies with the characters, you've lost. That was the trouble with **The Wild Geese** — [a big-budget but B-grade mercenaries-in-Africa bomb with Richard Burton] — it never got involved with the people.

"Finally," he says, "I was happy with the script. But by then I felt I'd already directed the movie in my head. I didn't think I could give it anything fresh. Then I met John Irvin who hadn't made a major film, but had just directed the brilliant TV series, *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, and I hired him to do it." Jewison became executive producer.

One major change in the movie was making the chief mercenaries American instead of British. "This came about," says Jewison, "because I'd studied the mercenary involvement in Angola two years ago, and discovered a lot of Americans. I met many of these men and recorded their conversations. Their involvement in the affairs of some Third World countries is amazing. It's a very hot subject."

So with Christopher Walken as Shannon, the battle-bloodied mercenary who accepts a $15,000 fee from an "international corporation" to overthrow the corrupt dictator of Zarango with the help of handpicked fellow killers, the production started in New York and London last April. Jewison then hauled his crew to the tiny Central American country of Belize to shoot the African sequences. In October, nearly $10 million later, he finished the final dub.

Now, besides working on a script "which I intend to shoot in Canada," Jewison's getting ready to produce and direct his next big musical. (His **Fiddler On The Roof** made $36 million in domestic rentals.) "I want to do something entirely different," he says. "Call it a modern opera, or a musical odyssey. I want a combination of music and film images, with hardly any dialogue. There's really been nothing like that since **The Umbrellas of Cherbourg**. It's about a young English girl moving to New York, and the four different men in her life. I haven't cast anyone yet. I never cast until everything else is finished. But I am exicted."

Jewison is always excited, but his caution comes naturally. He was also excited three years ago when he went to China with writer Ted Allen hoping to make a movie there on the life of the famous Ontario doctor, Norman Bethune. Bethune had worked with Mao Tse-tung during the revolution, and after his death had been elevated to near-sainthood by the Chinese.

"We went as their guests for three weeks," Jewison says, "and travelled everywhere. I went to the house in which he lived and died, and met his old comrades, patients he'd treated. Then we had endless meetings in Peking with the film department. They wanted to look us over.

"When they heard my movie, **In The Heat Of The Night**, had won an Oscar, I sent them a print with Chinese subtitles. It was the first American film to play in China. Then they called six months later and said we could make the film there. But then Warner Brothers got involved. And by then I was shooting in Israel. Finally, producer John Kemeny got the property back from Warners, and now plans, I understand, to make it on his own.

"I'm out of it now," Jewison says, then starts to laugh. "But you never know. In this crazy business, you never know."

Not Just Another Pretty Face

by Colin Dangaard

HOLLYWOOD — Amy Irving understands Hollywood. "It's a money-making town," she says. "The focus is not on creative integrity. This is not a pretty business. It's tough. Few make it. . . . "

Amy knows that if you really want to win the part of a dancer, and you can't dance, you tell 'em you can — then run off and take lessons.

She did this to get the role of Rosemarie Lemon in **Voices** — while also playing deaf.

Amy talked up a storm to become Willie Nelson's newest band member in **Honeysuckle Rose** — and took a gift for audition a step further to play a world-class pianist in her latest film, **The Competition**, with Richard Dreyfuss.

Here she throws herself into the world of classical music, where she and Dreyfuss are among finalists in a competition where the prize is $20,000, a debut recital at Carnegie Hall, and two years of concert bookings throughout America.

But instead of each squaring off with the "killer instinct," they fall in love.

For Dreyfuss, the theme is like a trip back in time, a review of his own career struggles. As he says: "Few people know more about the pressure of competition than actors. We've all gone through the lean years, when landing even a bit role meant beating out maybe 50 rivals."

For Amy it was like going shopping and finding the perfect dress. "I had the best time ever! I loved the role, the script, the director. It was like a party every day, making this film."

It's no surprise the character fit her so snugly; when Joel Oliansky wrote the script, he had Amy in mind. He handed it to her at a time she was looking for a project to do with Richard Dreyfuss, a friend cultivated during her four years in residence with **Close Encounters** director Steven Spielberg.

"We sat down and read it together, looked up at each other, and knew this was the one," says Amy.

From there it became a matter of accommodating Oliansky's concern for authenticity, while he doubled as director. Instead of placing the camera in the usual position behind the keyboard, thereby obscuring the actor's hands, he engaged concert pianist Jean Evanson Shaw to coach his non-piano-playing stars in skills like fingering, pedaling, posture and arm-and-wrist coordination.

In **Competition**, they do all this to a soundtrack supplied by such notables as Daniel Pollack, Chet Swiatowski, Lincoln Mayorga, Ralph Grierson and Eduardo Delgado.

In Amy's view, it all works.

But then, in life, everything has always worked for Amy Irving. At 25, with two major movies back-to-back, she has become a hot ticket in Hollywood, admitting: "Things are cooking!"

Amy's road to the big time has been paved with good counselors, starting with her father, director Jules Irving, and her mother, actress Priscilla Pointer, who carried her on stage at nine months in *Rumpelstiltskin*, a children's production of the San Francisco Actors' Workshop.

At age 11, the family moved to New York — where her dad became artistic director of the Lincoln Center Repertory Company — and Amy continued studying drama, along with the violin. But three of her most formative years were spent in England, as the lone American student in London's Academy of Dramatic Arts.

"It was tough," she recalls. "People were being thrown out of classes all the time. In England, it's not a film industry. It's a theatre industry. And you can't fake it."

Back in the U.S., she returned to theatre, came to Hollywood and, when she was signed by her mother's agent, started going into film.

"But it was not by design. I've never intended to be a movie star. I've always wanted to do only theatre. Never in a million years did I think I'd appear in front of a camera."

She's still not certain she likes the idea. "All the stuff that goes along with being a star is pretty

negative to me. I don't like that kind of street recognition. It has nothing to do with how well you act. I'd much rather get my creative need satisfied than do a film that makes a million dollars.

"The trouble is, I'm actually very shy. When I step out of a limousine, and crowds gather around — it happened a lot when I was with Steven — I am uncomfortable, afraid even. People pick up on this, so they think I am aloof, unfriendly. Fame just doesn't work for me."

Very early Amy made the observation that Hollywood is "one big chance," adding: "If you have a pretty face and big tits, you can go a long way — maybe. But you could also be Sarah Bernhardt reincarnated and, without the breaks, get nowhere. There's just no set formula for success.

"You must understand the commercial nature of the business, know that only a few graduate to where they can do what they want, people like Jane Fonda and Burt Reynolds. To get to that point, you have to play certain Hollywood games. . . ."

While Amy plays them as well as anybody, she prefers to do so at a distance, living in a new home in Santa Fe, New Mexico, since breaking off with Spielberg a year ago. "We did what we both had to do," she says, "and we remain great friends. In fact, we're talking of doing a project. But I am alone — and I don't like that situation too much."

Meanwhile, she is throwing herself into her work, always stretching for the challenge, carefully choosing roles she is actually afraid of: like dancing, when she has never danced, being blind when she can see, and playing classical music when she has never delivered from a piano.

"I need the charge that comes from learning. And I need a director who will not settle for the first thing I do.

"Fortunately, there are people in Hollywood who recognize me as an actress — and not somebody who just romanced her way into a job."★

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A FIRST FO

by Barbara Costello

CANMORE, Alberta — There's a neon message in front of the Rocky Mountain Ski Chalets that reads No Vacancy, and a similar sign in front of the Ski-Land motel next door. That may not seem unusual to you, since Canmore is a major ski-stopover, less than 20 minutes from Banff. But this is only September, and there isn't so much as one flake of snow on the ground.

Why the autumn business boom? Because a film crew is here shooting a new movie, **Touch The Wind** — and your average film crew they're not. Neither the producer nor the director has ever made a feature film before — but the producer is already better known in the industry than some veterans who have been at it for years, and the director already has an Oscar.

Touch The Wind is an original screenplay by Robert Logan, the star of four admirably successful Wilderness films. A few months ago he met with ex-Canadian Film Development Corporation deputy-director Samuel V. Freeman — Sam to his friends — after Freeman was appointed president of the brand-new Famous Players Film Corporation. Freeman liked

R FAMOUS

Logan's concept of using a wilderness background for a family-conflict saga and agreed to produce the project. He then coaxed Academy Award winner Christopher Chapman (**A Place To Stand**) into making his debut as a feature film director, and the deal was struck.

So there they are, about 60 strong. Chapman and his crusaders, getting up at five o'clock in the morning as if they really enjoy it. Then it's into trucks, and vans, and jeeps, and cars, for the caravan ride to their location on Spray Lake, a dizzying 40-minute trek on mountain-goat roads to a destination where shooting starts whenever the sun shines and goes on until the last man drops.

"We had two choices," explains producer Freeman over a hurried cup of coffee. "We could wait till next summer, when the weather is more reliable, or take a chance and start shooting now, gambling that we could get the summer scenes before it snowed on us. We decided to be gamblers."

(The gamble paid off — but it was a squeaker. The day after the company wrapped, Canmore was hit by a blizzard that left **Touch The Wind** locations blanketed by six inches of snow.)

Touch The Wind is the story of 13-year-old Kelly Taylor, a problem child on the brink of blossoming into Public Enemy Number One. A victim of dyslexia (a reading disorder), she fancies herself a "retard" and figures she can get away with anything — and mostly does. Then one day she finds herself in Alaska with her father (Logan), a bush pilot who does not believe in catering to the whims of children, and the fireworks begin.

I have been warned by ex-film critic George Anthony, who now heads up Famous Players Film Corporation's creative division, that there's no point in going on the set. I find it deliciously ironic that Anthony, who achieved some degree of fame as a movie critic who spent half his life on movie sets, has all but closed the set of his first film to the press, and I tell him so. He shrugs.

"It's just too cold up there," he says matter-of-factly. "And the shooting schedule is so tight, because of the weather, that I can't guarantee you'd get to talk to anyone. If you really want to stand there and freeze, be my guest." By the time the film is completed only two reporters will get on the set — myself and an enterprising *Calgary Sun* writer, Alex Tadich, who will wangle his way on by playing an extra. On this day, however, I doggedly trudge up to the set.

Once there I see a chilly but splendid mountain retreat — art director Charles Dunlop has created a "rustic cabin" that Canadian cottagers would kill for — and the usual army of technicians, among them cinematographer Paul Van der Linden (**Lies My Father Told Me, Quintet**). Freeman and his personal troubleshooter Bob Meneray are standing by, watching Logan and 12 or 15 others enact a scene in which Kelly Taylor is put on trial, so to speak, in Indian fashion, for a local theft. Chapman shoots it again and again, from all different angles, and I get colder and colder standing there.

Even at this distance, however, I can see that Logan is what my teenage daughter describes as "a hunk"; ugly he ain't. Elaine Nalee, the Vancouver stage actress who plays Kelly's harassed mother and Logan's prickly ex-wife, is a young Joan Crawford type with smouldering eyes. George Clutesi, who plays Logan's Indian sidekick, looks younger in person than he did in **Night Wing** and **Walksfar Woman**. And Twyla-Dawn Vokins, the young Vancouver actress who plays Kelly, can sulk on cue better than anyone I've seen since Brando. I also have the feeling that I've seen her somewhere before, and a few seconds later I remember where. She played Diane Lane's chum in another "touch" move, **Touched By Love**, with Deborah Raffin.

When Chapman finally tells the company to take five, Logan and his co-stars retreat to their trailers, and I corner Christopher — "Kit" to his intimates — who really doesn't want to be cornered but is too polite to say no.

"Every film has its own problems," he says, "and this one is no exception. Except the problems themselves are a bit exceptional, because they're all but impossible to anticipate."

Such as?

"Oh, such as the Bow River, which we've used on a lot of locations. The Bow River is controlled, you see, by the people at the dam. They make it rise and fall, according to their needs for water supply."

So?

"So, the first day of shooting we were doing a scene in which Kelly and a friend get caught in the rapids. We had three camera crews, helicopters, stunt men, the works. And of course everything had been checked out thoroughly the previous day. But when we arrived at the rapids they were gone. There was just a trickle of water running over rocks, with

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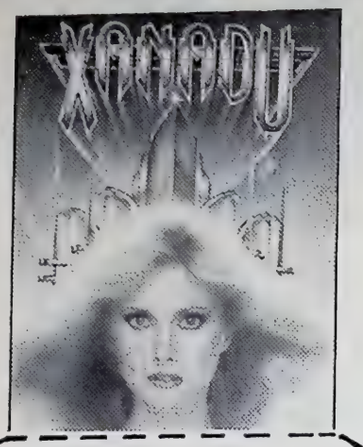
MOVIE POSTERS



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fish flapping about everywhere. Because, you see, they'd lowered the river overnight. So we had to call them and ask them to raise it again, and we had to wait for about four hours until the water was high enough to start shooting the scene."

Chapman sighs. "We've had a number of days like that," he adds, shaking his head. "When we came out to the cabin to shoot a scene with Bob Logan taking off in his plane, the plane was on dry land because they'd lowered the river again. A few days later we returned to shoot a scene of Bob and Twyla walking along a wide stretch of beach, but this time they'd raised the river, and instead of a broad expanse of beach we ended up with a footpath!"

He grins. "All in all, it has not been an uneventful shoot."

He excuses himself to return to his film — the company has reassembled — and I press Freeman's executive consultant Bob Meneray for more details. Meneray, a lean, bright-eyed ex-stunt man, congratulates me for getting on the set and asks me if I'm cold. I lie, but he can see me shivering and gets me a coffee to warm me up.

"Making a film like **Touch The Wind** is a new experience for all of us except Bob Logan," says Meneray. "It's been a remarkable education. Chris Chapman is absolutely brilliant. And wait until you see the monastery sequence."

The monastery sequence seems to be everybody's favorite scene in the movie. It's a true-life fantasy in which Logan introduces his maverick daughter to an equally maverick monk (Vancouver actor Alec Willows) who has a "way" with animals.

"It's also probably the most expensive sequence in the film," adds producer Freeman, joining us. "We had to fly in a thousand-pound Kodiak grizzly from Washington just for one scene. But I must admit it's a knockout of a scene."

"Don't forget about the wolf," Meneray pipes up. "And the hawk. And the owl."

Freeman nods. "We're making a film about people and we've got more animals in it than most animal movies." He smiles impishly. "We've got toads, ravens, wolves, another grizzly bear, all of them important to the plot. But the funniest thing, I think, is the raccoon. We have a scene in the movie that calls for the death of a raccoon, which of course is a heartbreaking moment for Kelly. But to do it we had to fly in two raccoons from Hollywood — one to play the live raccoon and one to play the dead raccoon!"

"Only in Hollywood could you find a raccoon who makes a living by playing dead," says Meneray solemnly, his eyes twinkling. Freeman breaks up, and the shooting continues. I hitch a ride back to town and return to the production office, where Anthony is furiously pounding out some notes on an IBM Selectric, using only one finger.

"I always type this way," he says, brushing my question aside before I can ask it. "You look frozen. You must have been on the set. Did you get to talk to Logan?"

No, I admit, I didn't.

"Oh, I'm sorry. That's too bad. He's kind of a secret superstar, y'know. His films have grossed about $100 million, maybe more, but he lives in Aspen, away from Hollywood, and just goes about his own business, without all the hoopla and Rona Barrett stuff. That's too bad. He's a really interesting guy. And so is his script for this picture; it's sort of a combination of **Kramer vs. Kramer** and **Perils of Pauline**, because the parents are at odds with the kid and the kid's at odds with nature. I'm sorry Doug Lennox isn't here. He plays the villain, and I'd like you to meet him. But he doesn't fly in till next week."

I explain that I can't wait, and he nods his head sympathetically. **Touch The Wind** will just have to go on without me. What I want to know is, does Kelly get away from the villain? And the bear? And the wolves? And her parents? And live happily ever after at last?

Anthony flashes his enigmatic, you-know-I-can't-give-that-away smile, and my visit to Famous Players Film Corporation's first production is over.★

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INSIDE RICHARD DONNER

by Roberta Plutzik

NEW YORK — Beginning in 1948, Richard Donner tried his hand at show business, working his way from actor through every conceivable job on the TV ladder, including floor manager, assistant director, and finally, director of a new series called *Wanted Dead or Alive*. From there he would helm the pilots and episodes of many of television's most sought-after series, including *Lucas Tanner*, *The Twilight Zone*, *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* and *Kojak*. It was, by the mid-1970s, an estimable television career, the man able to pick and choose what he wanted to do, when he wanted to do it.

Film director Richard Donner operates the same way. His movie break came when a friendly producer-agent tipped him off to the availability of a property called *The Anti-Christ*, which later became **The Omen**. That film's box-office success led Donner to **Superman**, a well-regarded effort that, despite its mythological value, failed to swell the robust director's head. He is picking and choosing projects even more carefully now — and not always the obvious property, or the expected cast. **Inside Moves**, Donner's new film, and as intimate a work as **Superman** was public, seems to go against type. On a budget of less than $6 million, based on a novel about a handicapped man and his unusual friends, **Inside Moves** wags its tongue at the premise that so-called "small" films haven't a chance against the giant money-gobblers that are Hollywood fashion.

Having worked with **Superman**'s multimillions, Donner isn't convinced big means better. "And **Inside Moves** is not an inexpensive film. I know $6 million isn't much these days, but it's still a hell of a lot to me. And how do you really categorize a small picture — by economics or story scope? Are you talking about intimacy? In that case, **Ordinary People** is a small film. So was **Kramer vs. Kramer**. And they were produced by major studios."

Donner's commitment to **Inside Moves** began, though he didn't know it, "when the book was submitted to me over three years ago. I read and loved it — loved the character of Roary. But I was scared. Roary was a Vietnam veteran who was a virtual paraplegic, immobile in one of those depressing veterans' hospitals. One day he regains sensitivity in his feet, and in the end he walks out of the hospital. He is described in the book as so distasteful looking that, when he walked down the street, people would cross to the other side. I couldn't beat that image. It depressed me."

In Donner's words, "along came **Superman**." Its "upness" was what he thought he needed, and orchestrating a film of even more grandiose proportions than **The Omen** seemed the right course after so many years of adherence to television strictures. Along with the challenge of making **Superman** contemporary and believable however, came another task: getting on with the producers, the men whose ability to command headlines and to fuel the picture with mega-bucks loomed ever larger during production — all two and a half years of it. "It was not a happy experience. I didn't get along with the producers. I eventually made the movie on my own, out of my office, with the help of my secretary and assistant. We made that horrendous operation function. Everything the producers tried to do, aside from making money, I felt was detrimental to the film. I came back from England and I didn't want to read anything. I was disgusted with the business."

About that time, Donner's agent, recalling his client's interest in a book called *Inside Moves*, got hold of a script based on the book and submitted it to him, minus the title page. "I started to read it and came across a character named Roary. He jumps out of a building. Then, after recuperating, he goes to Max's, a bar. I said, wait a minute. I know Max's. After five pages, I called my agent and said, 'Oh, my God, this is **Inside Moves**!'"

The director's face glows as he speaks of making this film. He hasn't gotten the experience out of his system — nor does he want

Continued on page 27

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CHECK NEWSPAPERS FOR A THEATRE NEAR YOU

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to. "I'm so in love with this, have put so much into it, that I want to keep putting time into it, until they chase me away. Soon as I feel it's on its own — off to college, so to speak — I'll go out and get a job again."

The joy of making **Inside Moves** is revived, he says, each time he views the film and marvels over the unusual cast — one devoid of truly big names, though certainly not of big talent.

He tells stories about all the participants and how they insisted on returning to the set even if their parts were in the can. John Savage, who plays Roary, came to Donner's attention in the film version of **Hair**. "There was a moment in **Hair** when he laughed, and I thought, 'that's Roary.' I didn't know John with long hair, though, and he was totally different from the character I met in **Hair**. But something happened between us immediately. We started to giggle. I cast very emotionally from relationships and I'll take chances on abilities if I have a relationship with somebody. I had that with John the first time we met. We ended up giggling and laughing like a couple of kids. Nobody saw that side of John before and I think finding the humor has done a lot to change some of John's personal attitudes right now. He's taking himself a lot less seriously."

Newcomer David Morse "had never even been on a TV show, much less in a starring role in a film," but his lanky, gentle good looks, and his ability to seem like a professional athlete caught Donner's attention and he was cast as Jerry, Roary's best friend. Harold Sylvester, the actor who plays the basketball star who contributes financial and emotional support to Jerry's dream, read for Donner once, "then came back a week later. He'd lost 12 pounds through total starvation and workouts. He walked in this taut, six-foot-four-inch athlete who read the part a hundred per cent better than before. I told him he had it, and he said he already knew it. He'd read the book when it first came out and had been waiting for it to be filmed. 'This is my part,' he said." Adds Donner: "This picture was kismet for all of us."

INSIDE RICHARD DONNER

Yet Donner, New York-born 50 years ago, isn't embarrassed to admit he would not have attempted **Inside Moves** if the Vietnam symbolism had remained in the script. The alteration from war vet to suicide was "an essential change for me, I got to tell ya," says this old Steve McQueen sidekick slouched on a big couch at New York's Sherry Netherland Hotel. "I'm the kind of person — and I say this not out of lack of respect — who has not seen **The Deerhunter**. I can't see it yet. In the last few years I'm not looking to be depressed. The character of Roary in the novel was depressing. In the film, it isn't. From the first scene to the last Roary comes so emotionally alive! I'm as much in awe of the physical transformation as I am the actor's emotional transformation. When he smiles at the end, the world lights up for me."

Donner calls **Inside Moves** a "romantic, sentimental film, hopefully without being soppy. I don't think there's anything wrong with sentimentality or that we have to be ashamed of it. Roary wears a leg brace, his neck is slightly askew, but it's not unattractive, and you kind of love him for it. When we did the scene where Roary and Louise (Diana Scarwid) talk about crossing over from friends to lovers, and she says she doesn't know what it would be like to go to bed with a cripple — that it would destroy them both — the cinematographer, Laszlo Kovacs, and I were squeezing each other so as not to cry out loud and break up the kids. The kids — the actors — were beautiful about it. Every take got richer. They had a lot more control than I did."

Richard Donner calls himself "very opinionated, set in my ways, stubborn, yet easily moved, a romantic who fears romance. I'm a loner. I've lived all my life alone." He will not be convinced that **Inside Moves** may be just a little depressing, no matter how cheerful the ending, no matter how spirited the characters. "It's about a bunch of dreamers who become winners," he goes on. "I'm so sick of dreamers who have nightmares."

Indeed, the select student and film groups for whom he has screened **Inside Moves** convince him that he has avoided the heaviness that Paramount feared when it owned the property. In the end, Donner believes, "word of mouth will sell" the film. What if it doesn't? Shifting uneasily but without losing his radiance, Donner says: "If anything bad happens it's going to hurt so much it'll be unbelievable. Yet it's not going to affect me personally as in **Superman**, when I had problems with people. I was proud of that film. I loved the work and the effort, the mystique and the magic. We were illusionists — grand illusionists. We're not such grand illusionists in this one, but we still want to convince people of the possibility of laughter and tears and love. If **Inside Moves** is rejected, I'll be very hurt, but it'll be much easier for me to go on to my next film because this was such a wonderful experience for me. This was a love story for me. I loved the actors, the cameramen, the whole group.

"After **The Omen** and **Superman**, people would say, 'You really paid your dues. Glad to see you make it.' But I swear to God," Donner says, his hand across his heart, "I never paid any dues. It's just been so much fun all along. Sure there's been anguish, but anybody in this business who has even a modicum of success is the luckiest person in the world. It's a magical toyland in which we can indulge ourselves, it's an ego-building, rewarding trip and it's been a good trip for me all along. The only time I ever felt I paid my dues was on **Superman**. But the business doesn't owe me anything. I owe it everything. To put it another way, I've been happy."★

THE INCREDIBL

by Lyle Slack

Movie stars abound in Hollywood, but the makers of **The Incredible Shrinking Woman** have succeeded in signing for their film three of the more unusual starlets of stage, screen and television.

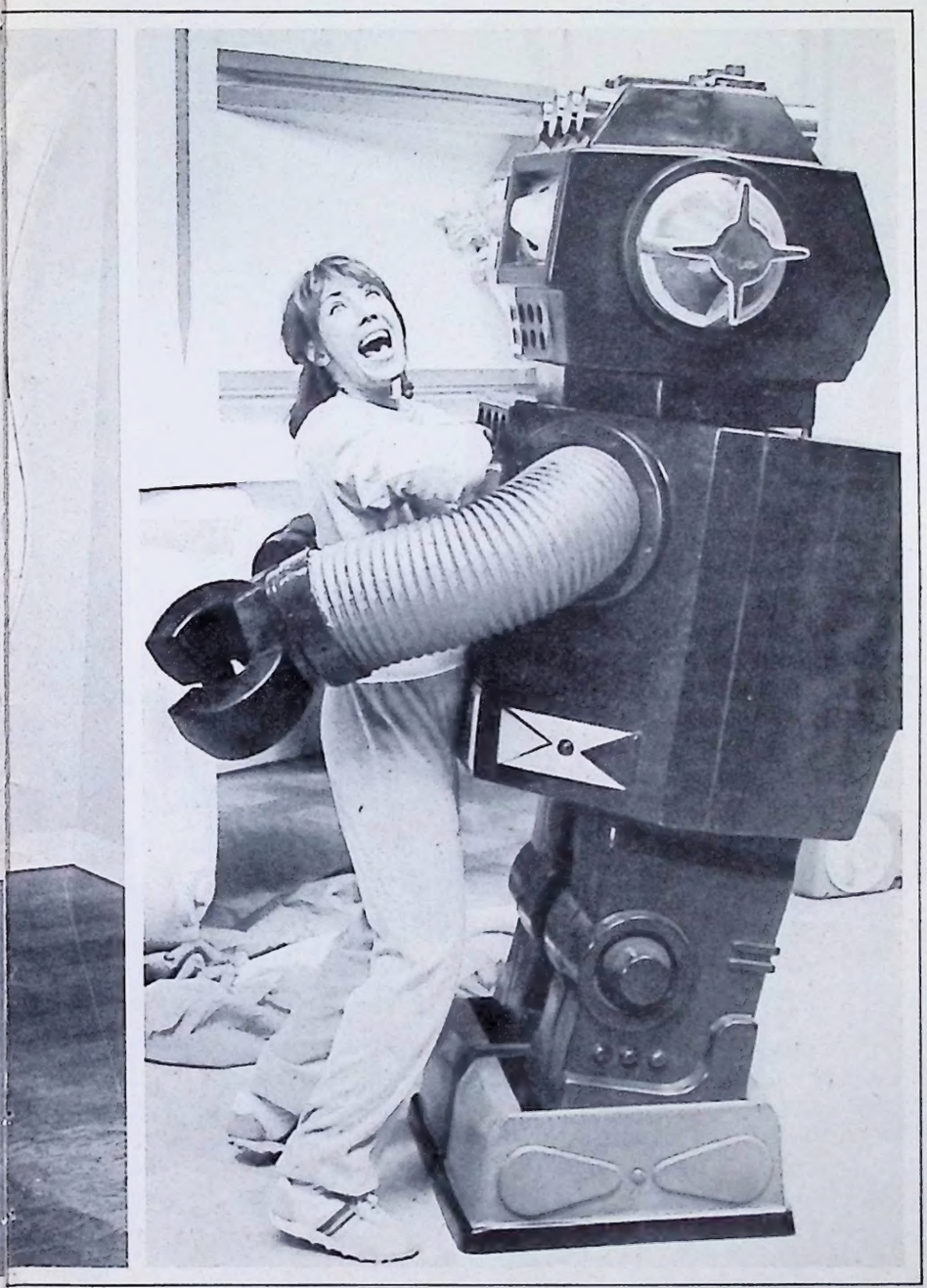
One is Mrs. Judy Beasley, who plays the next door neighbor. Those who know the good and caring, if humorless, Mrs. Beasley are aware that she has much more important things to do with her time than put in a cameo appearance. The producers of this movie must have bent like willows in a spring wind to get the intimidating Mrs. Beasley to accept the role.

Another is the child star, five-year-old Edith Ann. This is the same precocious youngster who likes to play with her toes and once had a dog, Buster, who sprained his ankle while roller skating in the park. Edith Ann took him home in a shopping bag.

Then there's Tess, the shopping bag lady, and there may well be other equally unique starlets in this movie because, one and all, they are part of the aberrant repertoire of the star of **The Incredible Shrinking Woman**, Lily Tomlin.

Exactly how Miss Tomlin will manage to play at least three other characters in addition to the title role is not quite clear, but then the 41-year-old comedienne has accomplished more audacious

LE LILY TOMLIN



feats in her time. After all, as Ernestine, Bell Telephone's most disagreeable and sexually frustrated operator, she once succeeded in getting a doctor to place the receiver under his tongue and say "aaaah."

"I think that Lily has a lot of, ah . . . mischievous humor," concedes Joel Schumacher, who is making his directorial debut with **Shrinking Woman** and who has a delicate knack for understatement. "You know, she has a unique way of handling herself."

During the years she played coffeehouses and cabarets — in Detroit where she grew up, in New York where she used to waitress at the Howard Johnson's — Tomlin created a whole zoo of kinky, subconsciously erotic characters, several of whom became famous when Tomlin joined Rowan and Martin's *Laugh-in* in 1969.

She is gentler than Lenny Bruce and not as rowdy as Jonathan Winters, but her humor has the same roots, deep inside the sexual frustrations and fantasies of characters who often seem to resemble people we all know. In looking and acting as if everything is quite normal, Tomlin has managed to get away with being more outrageous than anyone.

In fact, the only surprise is how long it has taken Tomlin to bring her spunky characters to a film. Perhaps to prove something to herself, she chose to play more serious characters in her first

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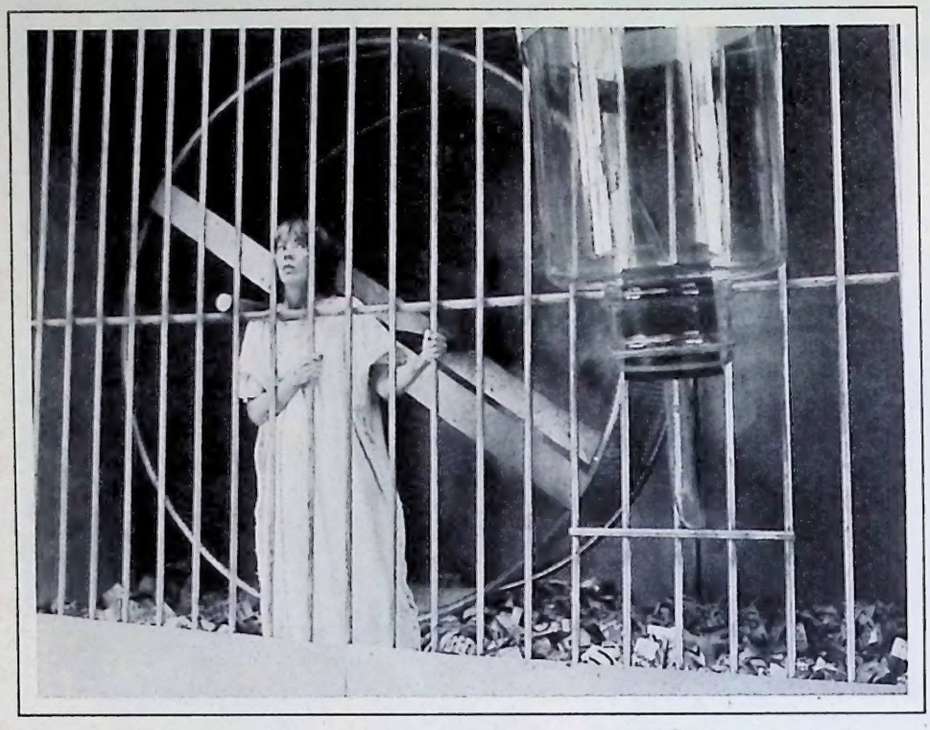
three movies: the emotionally troubled mother of two deaf-mute children in **Nashville**; a pill-pushing wacko living on the fringes of Hollywood in **The Late Show**; and the Beverly Hills housewife who becomes infatuated with John Travolta's young drifter in **Moment by Moment.**



Only Tomlin's **Nashville** character seemed to flow naturally. She seemed wooden, out of place in the two succeeding roles, and maybe some recognition of that has brought her back to doing what she does so naturally, going after serious ideas with the broad comic strokes personified by Edith Ann, et al.

"I would like people to really enjoy **Shrinking Woman**," Schumacher says. "I would like a lot of different kinds of people to enjoy it on a lot of different levels. And I think that always makes a work very ambitious.

"My second script was **Car Wash**. The critics took **Car Wash** very seriously, thought that it had sociological import, and I was surprised at that. Because basically we had done that movie to entertain.

"But there were other elements to it. A lot of people who went to see **Car Wash** just enjoyed the music and the humor, and that's okay. And if someone else wants to get something else out of it, that's okay, too. As long as the movie isn't one specific way."

Schumacher is not saying a whole lot about the story behind his latest film, but apparently it is not a sequel to the original 1957 **Incredible Shrinking Man.** "The only thing that's similar about it," he says, "is that both characters shrink."

The original was not a comedy. For those old enough to have seen it but young enough at the time to have been impressionable, it was probably one of the most horrifying cinematic experiences of their lives. After passing through a radioactive mist while sailing, the central character begins to shrink, becoming an international celebrity at first and then the prey of more lethal predators, from cats to spiders.

"It's the adventures of a shrinking person," says Schumacher. "There's some jeopardy, but we tried to use the idea for fun.

"I was very fortunate. I made a few movies with Woody Allen and I used to watch him. I don't think anybody knows for sure when you're shooting what's finally going to look funny in a movie. You just take a chance. And you try to follow your own instincts.

"Like Woody would do stuff on the set that would be hysterically funny, and then you'd look at it in the dailies and it wouldn't be that funny. And then he would do something that didn't seem as funny, but when you saw it, it'd be really funny. Or sometimes things are funnier in a master shot than they are in a close-up, or vice versa.

"I was very lucky to have worked with talented people in **The Incredible Shrinking Woman.** I mean besides Lily there's Henry Gibson and Ned Beatty and Charles Grodin plus several very talented new people. And they have a certain instinct about their own performances, too. You work together. You work at something until you reach a certain level in the collaborative thing where it feels good to everyone. Sometimes you're wrong. Some scenes are disappointing; you wanted much more from them. And then others are total shocks, little throwaway things which people really remember. It's always a surprise."

His next film, he vows, will be less complicated. Though he previously directed a TV movie, *Amateur Night at the Dixie Bar and Grill*, the experience is not the same as directing your first feature, according to Schumacher, and he is thankful to have that behind him now.

"The first feature — it's like having sex for the first time. You just don't know if you're doing it right. You ask yourself, 'Is this it? Is this it?' Because you just don't know. And I guess I thought because I had worked on a lot of other movies with a lot of terrific directors that that somehow prepared me. But nothing prepares you.

"And there's no one to turn to. Because once you decide to direct a movie, you're the person everyone else turns to. That's been very hard many days. But I wouldn't have traded the experience for anything in the world. So I just found myself going to work every day saying, you've just got to grow up, Joel. You know, you've just got to grow up, no one's going to handle this except you."★

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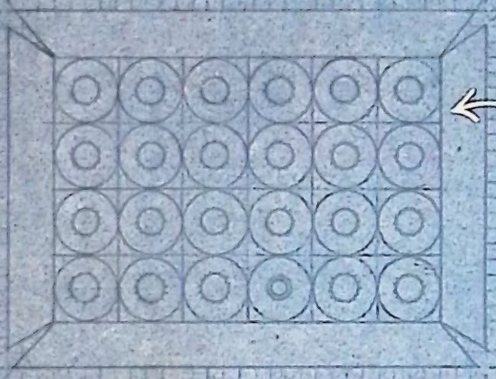

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TO ENHANCE THE SMOOTH FLAVOUR THAT HAS MADE BLUE FAMOUS, SERVE IN AN ICE COLD GLASS. TO SAMPLE THE SMOOTH FLAVOUR THAT MADE BLUE FAMOUS, PUT THE GLASS TO YOUR LIPS AND TILT (THE GLASS THAT IS).

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Let Blue smile along with you.